

CROWN

NO.
14

COMICS

10¢
PDC

AUG. 1948

MYSTERY

ADVENTURE



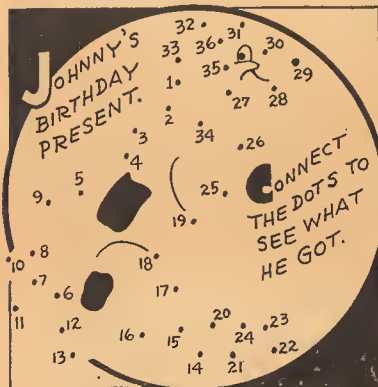
DANGER

THRILLS



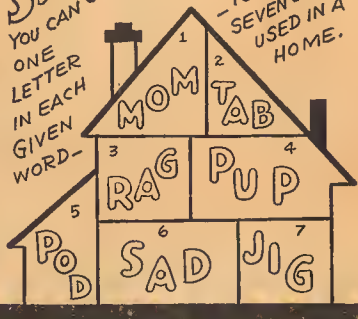
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CROWN PUZZLE PAGE



SEE IF
YOU CAN CHANGE
ONE
LETTER
IN EACH
GIVEN
WORD—

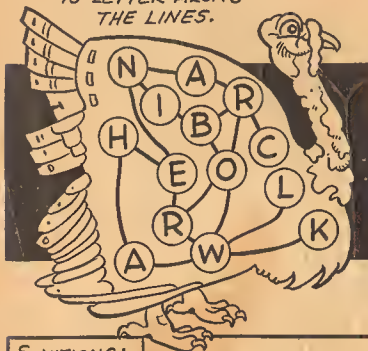
—TO SPELL
SEVEN OBJECTS
USED IN A
HOME.



GUESS THE
NAMES OF
THESE PICTURES
AND REARRANGE
THEIR INITIALS TO
SPELL A GIRL'S NAME.



TRY TO SPELL AT LEAST SEVEN
BIRDS BY MOVING FROM LETTER
TO LETTER ALONG
THE LINES.



43
67
13
26
86
68
32
89
26
32

400

FIND A
WAY TO
CROSS OUT SIX
SINGLE NUMBERS

SO THAT
THOSE
REMAINING
WILL ADD
TO EXACTLY

400.



A. W. NUGENT

SOLUTIONS:

HOME OBJECTS: 1, MOP; 2, TUB; 3, RUG; 4, CUP; 5, POT; 6, SAW; 7, JUG.
THE INITIALS OF BARN OWL, RAT, ISLAND AND SQUIRREL SPELL DOBIS.
SEVEN BIRDS: CROW, CRANE, HAWK, HEN, OWL, ROBIN AND WREN.
NUMBER PROBLEM: CROSS OUT 26 AND 9 IN THE FIRST ROW,
AND 1, 2 AND 3 IN THE SECOND ROW.

VIC CUTLER

THE CASE OF THE UNUSED EVIDENCE



by FRANK BOLLE

I TELL YOU, SIR, I SUSPECT MY PARTNER'S A CROOK! I WANT TO KNOW! I FOUND THIS GUN IN HIS DESK! A BULLET HAS BEEN FIRED!

MANY A TIME I'VE RISKED MY LIFE TO GET EVIDENCE. BUT NEVER HAVE I TAKEN GREATER RISKS THAN THOSE I FACED OBTAINING EVIDENCE I COULDN'T USE, FOR A CLIENT WHO WAS DEAD. THE WHOLE WHACKY CASE BEGAN WHEN AN EXCITED ELDERLY MAN ENTERED MY OFFICE - - -

TAKE IT EASY, MR. COMET, BEFORE YOU GET OFF THE REST OF THEM! TELL ME ABOUT IT, ABOUT YOURSELF---



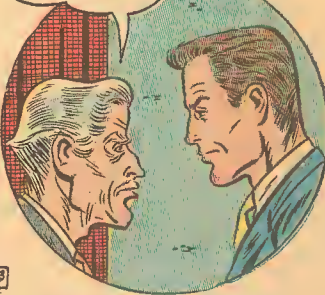
I'M AN OLD MAN, FOREIGN BORN. BUT I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE IN THIS COUNTRY. AMERICA HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME.

OBTAINING, MR. COMET. BUT HAS THAT A BEARING ON THE CASE?



INDIRECTLY. MY NATIVE COUNTRY WAS AN ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE WAR. EVEN NOW CERTAIN ELEMENTS THERE PLOT U.S. DESTRUCTION.

YOU HAVE PROOF OF THIS?



I HAVE NEPHEWS THERE. MY ONLY LIVING RELATIVES. THEY RECENTLY HAVE SOLICITED FUNDS FROM ME TO CARRY ON THEIR UNDERGROUND WORK. I HAVEN'T ANSWERED THEIR LETTERS.

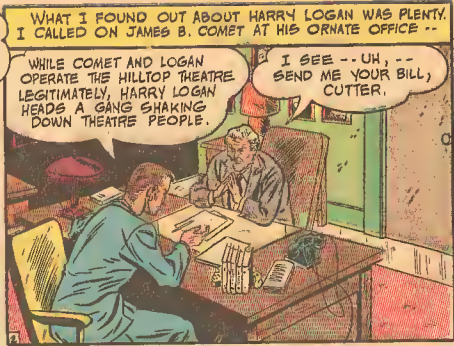
WHAT'S THE CONNECTION WITH YOUR PARTNER?





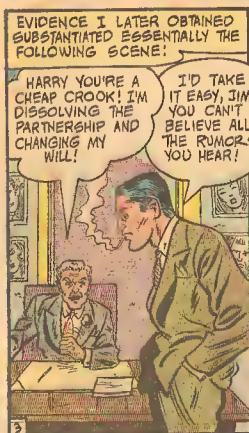
I'VE WILLED HIM MY ENTIRE ESTATE, IF HE'S A THIEF I SHALL LEAVE MY MONEY TO CHARITY!

YOUR FEARS MAY BE UNFOUNDED. BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT FOR YOU.



WHILE COMET AND LOGAN OPERATE THE HILLTOP THEATRE LEGITIMATELY, HARRY LOGAN HEADS A GANG SHAKING DOWN THEATRE PEOPLE.

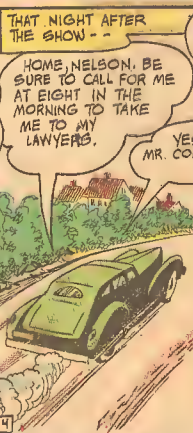
I SEE -- UH, -- SEND ME YOUR BILL, CUTTER.



EVIDENCE I LATER OBTAINED SUBSTANTIATED ESSENTIALLY THE FOLLOWING SCENE:

HARRY YOU'RE A CHEAP CROOK! I'M DISSOLVING THE PARTNERSHIP AND CHANGING MY WILL!

I'D TAKE IT EASY, JIM. YOU CAN'T BELIEVE ALL THE RUMORS YOU HEAR!



THAT NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW --

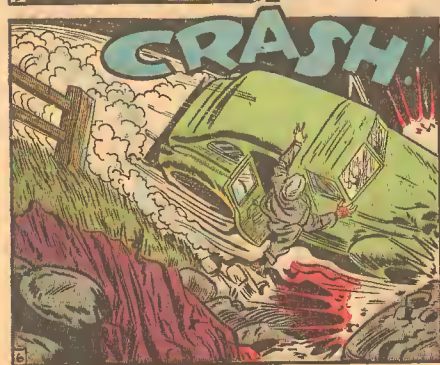
HOME, NELSON. BE SURE TO CALL FOR ME AT EIGHT IN THE MORNING TO TAKE ME TO MY LAWYERS.

YES, MR. COMET!

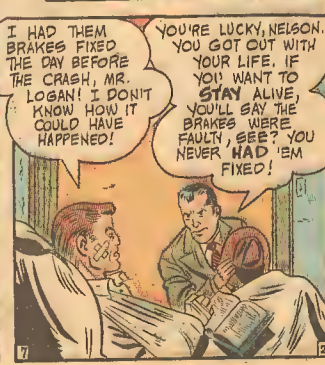


MR. COMET! THE BRAKES! I'M GONNA JUMP! BETTER TRY YOURSELF!

WAIT, NELSON! NO, TRY TO STOP THE CAR!

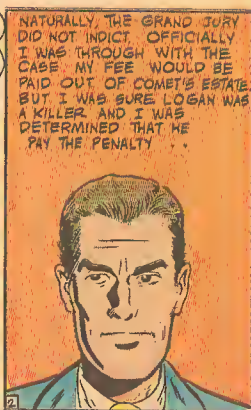
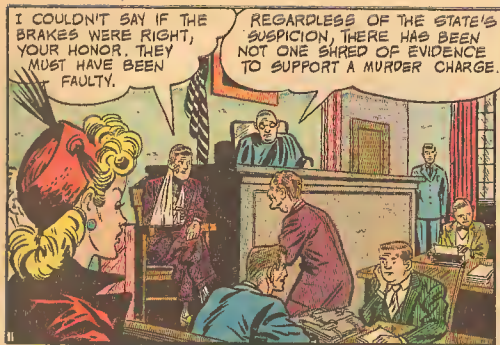


CRASH!



I HAD THEM BRAKES FIXED THE DAY BEFORE THE CRASH, MR. LOGAN! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED!

YOU'RE LUCKY, NELSON. YOU GOT OUT WITH YOUR LIFE. IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE, YOU'LL SAY THE BRAKES WERE FAULTY, SEE? YOU NEVER HAD 'EM FIXED!



I CALLED ON MY OLD FRIEND CAPTAIN MCCASKEY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

LAURA AND I BEGAN SHADOWING LOGAN, HOPING TO LEARN SOMETHING THAT WOULD GIVE US A CLUE. ONE LATE AFTERNOON...

FOR THE RECORD, VIC, WE'VE CLOSED THE AFFAIR. IF YOU WANT TO STICK YOUR NECK OUT, IT'S YOUR BUSINESS. WE COULDN'T AFFORD A FALSE ARREST.

LOOK VIC! THERE'S OUR BOY GOING INTO THAT BAR! IS THAT NICK BEOLI WITH HIM?

YEAH. TAKE IT FROM HERE, LAURA! LOGAN AND THAT TORPEDO SHOULD MAKE INTERESTING TABLE TALK. CALL ME AT THE OFFICE.

A HALF HOUR LATER --

VIC? I COULD HEAR ONLY SNATCHES, BUT I LEARNED THEY'RE MEETING IN LOGAN'S OFFICE AT MIDNIGHT.

NICE GOING, LAURA. COME ON BACK TO THE OFFICE!

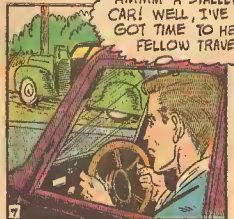


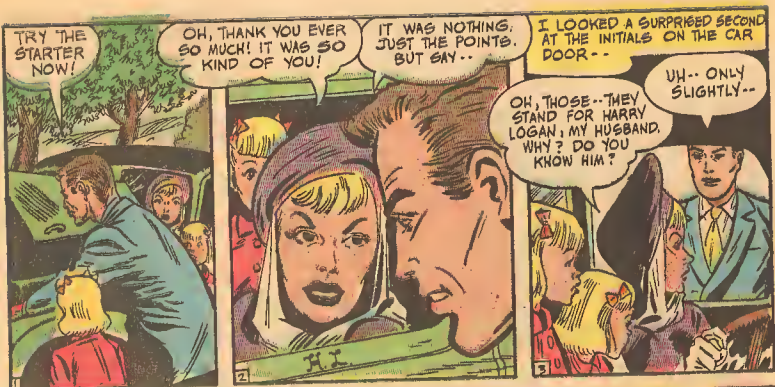
I WAS PACKING MY NEW SOUND RECORDER WHEN LAURA RETURNED.

I WANTED TO APPROACH THE HILTOP THEATRE ALONG RIDGE STREET TO GIVE ME A GOOD VIEW AS I APPROACHED THE BUILDING. I TOOK A COUNTRY ROAD, SKIRTING THE CITY. SUDDENLY...

ANYTHING SERIOUS?

I DON'T KNOW! I'M NOT OUT OF GAS. I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO MEET MY HUSBAND, TOO!





TRY THE
STARTER
NOW!

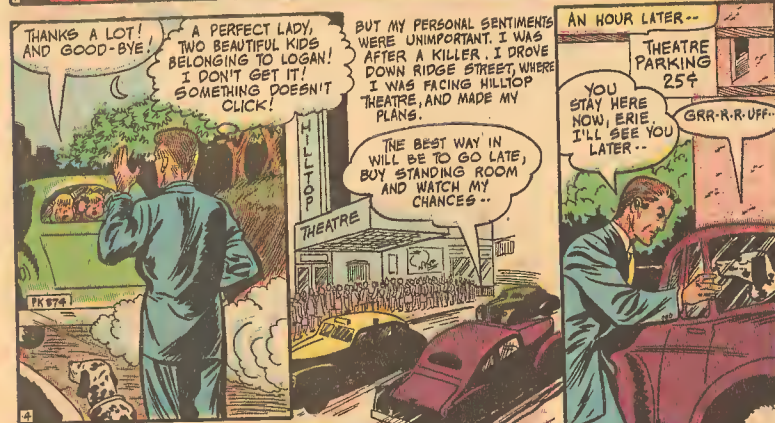
OH, THANK YOU EVER
SO MUCH! IT WAS SO
KIND OF YOU!

IT WAS NOTHING.
JUST THE POINTS.
BUT SAY --

I LOOKED A SURPRISED SECOND
AT THE INITIALS ON THE CAR
DOOR --

UH -- ONLY
SLIGHTLY --

OH, THOSE -- THEY
STAND FOR HARRY
LOGAN, MY HUSBAND.
WHY? DO YOU
KNOW HIM?



THANKS A LOT!
AND GOOD-BYE!

A PERFECT LADY,
TWO BEAUTIFUL KIDS
BELONGING TO LOGAN!
I DON'T GET IT!
SOMETHING DOESN'T
CLICK!

BUT MY PERSONAL SENTIMENTS
WERE UNIMPORTANT. I WAS
AFTER A KILLER. I DROVE
DOWN RIDGE STREET, WHERE
I WAS FACING HILLTOP
THEATRE, AND MADE MY
PLANS.

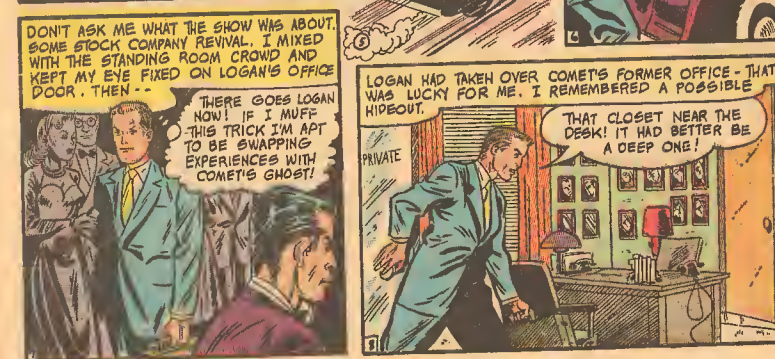
THE BEST WAY IN
WILL BE TO GO LATE,
BUY STANDING ROOM
AND WATCH MY
CHANCES --

AN HOUR LATER --

THEATRE
PARKING
25¢

YOU
STAY HERE
NOW, ERIE.
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER --

GRR-R-R-UFF--



DON'T ASK ME WHAT THE SHOW WAS ABOUT.
SOME STOCK COMPANY REVIVAL. I MIXED
WITH THE STANDING ROOM CROWD AND
KEPT MY EYE FIXED ON LOGAN'S OFFICE
DOOR. THEN --

THERE GOES LOGAN
NOW! IF I MUFF
THIS TRICK I'M APT
TO BE SWAPPING
EXPERIENCES WITH
COMET'S GHOST!

LOGAN HAD TAKEN OVER COMET'S FORMER OFFICE - THAT
WAS LUCKY FOR ME. I REMEMBERED A POSSIBLE
HIDEOUT.

THAT CLOSET NEAR THE
DESK! IT HAD BETTER BE
A DEEP ONE!

THE CLOSET WAS PERFECT, PROVIDING, OF COURSE, I WASN'T DISCOVERED.

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST AND DROUSE THAT LIGHT! IF LOGAN HANGS HIS HAT IN HERE, I'VE GOTTA TAKE A BACK SEAT IN A FAR CORNER!



IT SEEMED LIKE YEARS. MY JOINTS WERE GETTING RHEUMY. SUDDENLY THERE WERE VOICES. QUICKLY I SWITCHED ON THE RECORDING DEVICE AND WAITED... THEN...

NOW LOOK HERE, LOGAN. GET THIS STRAIGHT--



SHUT UP YOU FOOL, BEOLI! WAIT'LL I CLOSE THE DOOR!

SHUT UP, YA SAY, EH, LOGAN? SHUT UP YA TELL ME? WHEN YA TOL' ME TA FIX UP COMET'S BRAKES YA DIDN'T SAY IT WAS TA BUMP OFF DA OL' MAN!

LOOK HERE, BEOLI, MURDER HINT NEW TO ME!



SO WHAT? FER MURDER I GET A PRICE! NOW LOOK, FIVE GRAND ON DA LINE OR I SING TO DA COPPERS AND TAKE A LIGHTER RAP!

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT WHEN YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR NOW?

SO YOU'LL GET THE HOT --- AHGH-HH-H-H!

TOO BAD YOU FORCED MY HAND, BEOLI. BUT YOU WERE HEADING FOR A ONE-WAY RIDE, ANYHOW!

I'D COME FOR EVIDENCE, NOT TO WITNESS MURDER. I STEPPED FROM THE CLOSET.

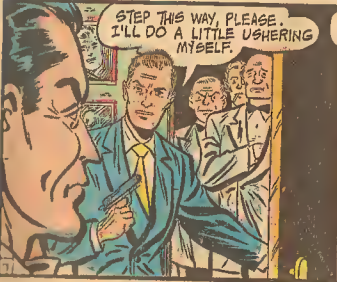


ALL RIGHT, KILLER. THAT MAKES TWO FOR THE BOOK. GET YOUR HAND UP HIGH!

HUH? --ER-- CUTTER!



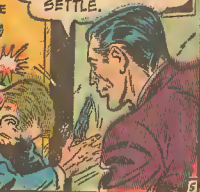
STEP THIS WAY, PLEASE. I'LL DO A LITTLE USHERING MYSELF.

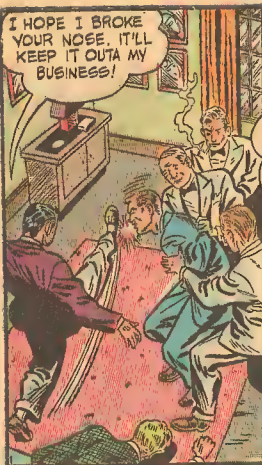


HEY, LOGAN, I THOUGHT WE WAS GONNA TAKE BEOLI FER A SPIN --



HE GOT NOISY. I COULDN'T WAIT. HOLD THAT PRIVATE EYE, YOU GUYS. I'VE GOT A LITTLE GRUDGE TO SETTLE.





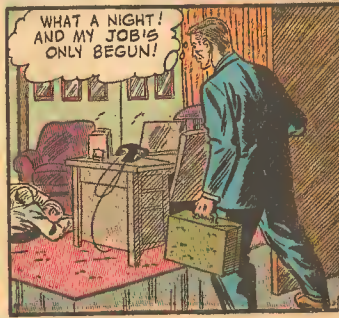
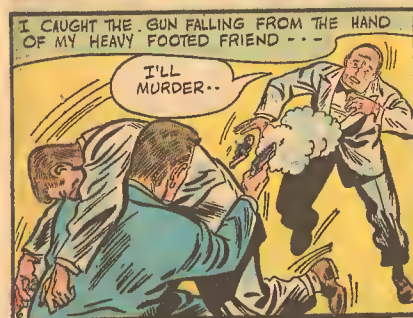
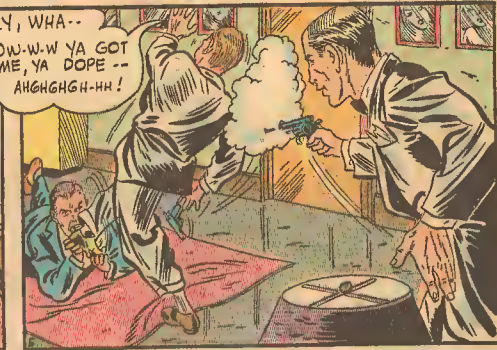
I HAD NOT BEEN KAYOED, BUT LOGAN DIDN'T KNOW IT, I LAY ON THE FLOOR, DETERMINED NOT TO SHOW THE PAIN I SUFFERED.

YOU TWO GUARD THE EYE, WHILE WE DROWN BEOLI. IF ANYONE COMES BUMP CUTTER OFF LIKE HE WAS A PROWLER.

I GET IT. LOGAN, DAT'LL ACCOUNT FER DA BLOOD ON DA RUG!

OH-H-H-H, MY HEAD!

DA DICK'S COMIN' AROUND!



I DIDN'T KNOW THE WHOLE SCORE, AND I DIDN'T RISK BEING RIDDLED IN A PHONE BOOTH. I WENT TO MY CAR AND WROTE A NOTE.

GET MCCASEY AND A SQUAD TO LOGAN'S PLACE IN ONE HOUR. TELL MCCASEY TO USE CAUTION, OR HE MAY MUFF HIS BIG PINCH.



GO TO LAURA AT MY OFFICE, ERIE, BOY. GET -IT? MY OFFICE - - - LAURA --

GR-R-R-RUFF!

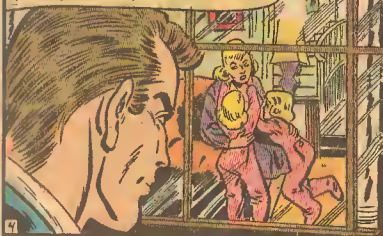


I DROVE AT ONCE TO LOGAN'S PLACE. I FIGURED HE'D COME BACK HOME, WHETHER THE MRS. WAS AS INNOCENT AS SHE LOOKED OR NOT.

QUITE A LAYOUT. LOGAN WOULD NEED COMET'S ESTATE TO RUN THIS. I HEAR THE SHOW BUSINESS IS NOT SO GOOD.



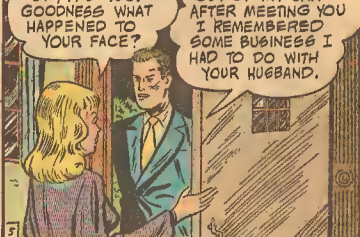
AT THE HOUSE I LOOKED THROUGH THE WINDOW TO GET A VIEW OF WHAT TO EXPECT. WHAT I SAW WAS ENOUGH TO YANK YOUR HEART OUT BY THE ROOTS --



IT WAS MRS. LOGAN WHO CAME TO THE DOOR HERSELF.

OH, IT'S YOU! GOODNESS WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?

I TRIPPED GETTING OUT OF MY CAR-- AFTER MEETING YOU I REMEMBERED SOME BUSINESS I HAD TO DO WITH YOUR HUSBAND.



IT'S SO GOOD TO BE HOME. I WAS ILL ALL THROUGH-- HARRY'S TROUBLE. IMAGINE ANYONE THINKING HARRY A-- KILLER!

YES, UH, IMAGINE! --ER, MAY I USE YOUR PHONE, MRS. LOGAN?



YOU'LL FIND NOTE PAPER BESIDE THE PHONE IF YOU NEED IT!

THANKS. HELLO -- HELLO --





I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU, LOGAN. BUT I HOPE YOU CAN SIGN A CONFESSION WITH YOUR OTHER HAND!

1

WHAT CONFESSION?

YOU'LL SEE. IF YOUR HUSBAND IS INNOCENT, MRS. LOGAN, THIS EVIDENCE WON'T HURT HIM. DON'T TRY TO INTERFERE --

2

-- WHEN YA TOL' ME TA FIX COMET'S BRAKES YA DIDN'T SAY IT WAS TA BUMP OFF DA OL' MAN ---

LOOK HERE, BEOLI, MURDER ISN'T NEW TO ME ---

IT'S A FRAMEUP, GLORIA! THIS DICK IS TRYING TO MAKE A CASE--

3

--SO YOU'LL GET DA HOT-BANG? TOO BAD YA FORCED MY HAND, BEOLI, BUT YOU WERE HEADING FOR A ONE-WAY RIDE, ANYHOW!

IT'S YOUR VOICE, HARRY! YOU KILLED HIM!

4

WHAT'S ALL THE SECRECY, VIC? CAN'T YOU LET THE POLICE IN ON THE DEAL?

HELLO, MCCASEY. GOT A KILLER HERE FOR YOU. THIS TIME THE EVIDENCE WON'T BOOMERANG --

5

LOGAN KILLED NICK BEOLI AND THREW HIS BODY IN THE RIVER. THAT I KNOW FIRST HAND.

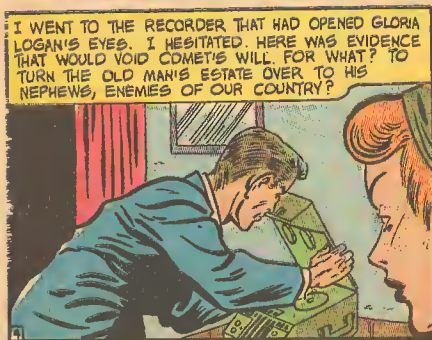
YEAH? ALL RIGHT, LOGAN, I HAVE A PAIR OF FANCY BRACELETS HERE. PUT YOUR HANDS OUT.

6

YOU WON'T TAKE ME IN, MCCASEY. NOT BEFORE MY WIFE!

HEY, ANOTHER GUN!

7



Minnie Soo

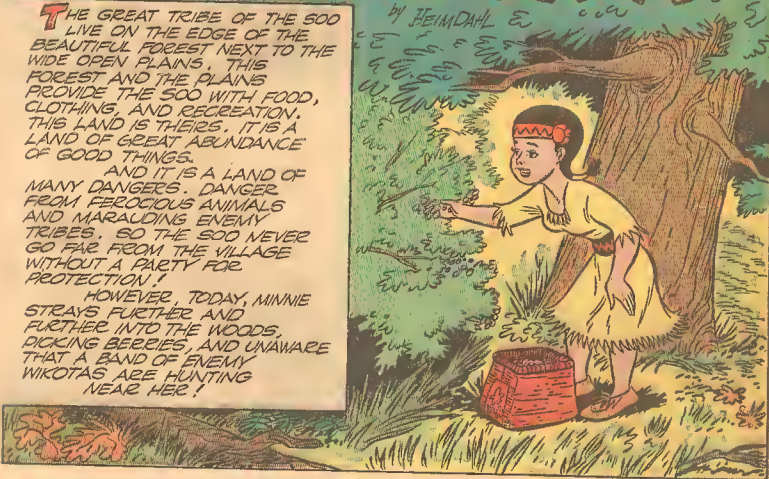
and LITTLE HAHA

by HEIMDALL

THE GREAT TRIBE OF THE SOO LIVE ON THE EDGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL FOREST NEXT TO THE WIDE OPEN PLAINS. THIS FOREST AND THE PLAINS PROVIDE THE SOO WITH FOOD, CLOTHING, AND RECREATION. THIS LAND IS THEIRS. IT IS A LAND OF GREAT ABUNDANCE OF GOOD THINGS.

AND IT IS A LAND OF MANY DANGERS. DANGER FROM FEROCIOUS ANIMALS AND MARAUDING ENEMY TRIBES. SO THE SOO NEVER GO FAR FROM THE VILLAGE WITHOUT A PARTY FOR PROTECTION!

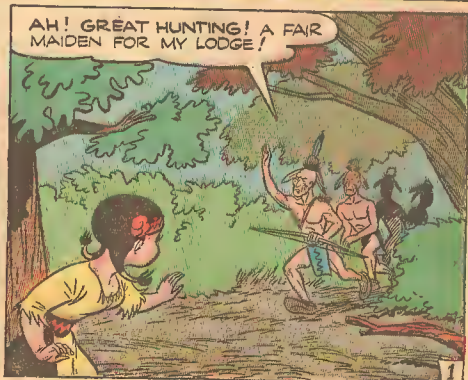
HOWEVER, TODAY, MINNIE STRAYS FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE WOODS, PICKING BERRIES, AND UNAWARE THAT A BAND OF ENEMY WIKOTAS ARE HUNTING NEAR HER!



SUDDENLY, A SWIFT ARROW PINS HER TO A TREE!

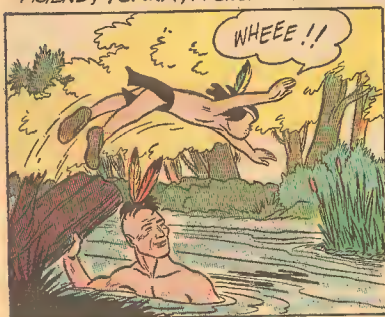


AH! GREAT HUNTING! A FAIR MAIDEN FOR MY LODGE!

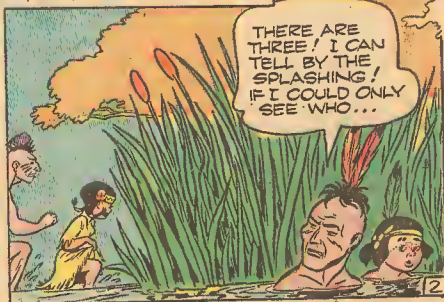




MEANWHILE, SWIMMING NEARBY, ARE LITTLE HAHA AND HIS FRIEND, TONKA, A GREAT WARRIOR!

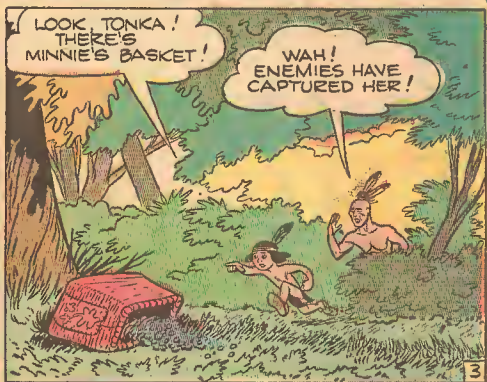
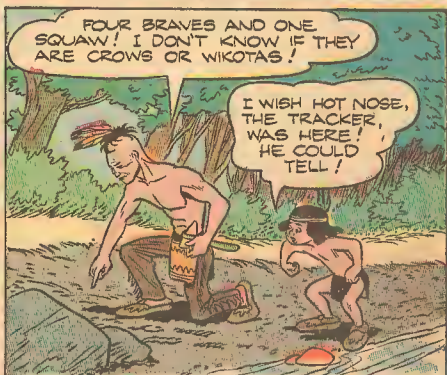


MINNIE'S BROTHER AND FRIEND ARE SO NEAR TO HELP HER IF THEY ONLY KNEW!





TONKA WAS RIGHT! TWO WIKOTAS GUARD THE REAR TO GIVE WARNING IF ANY SOO FOLLOW!

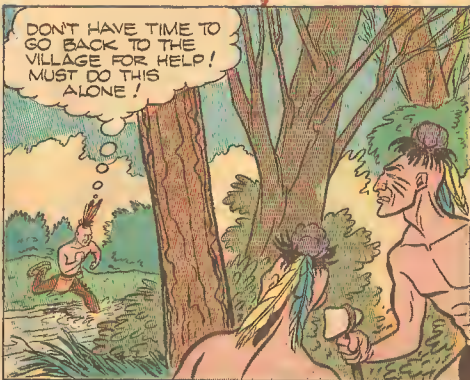


LITTLE HAWA CANNOT
KEEP UP WITH THE
FLEET TONKA, RACING
BACK THE TRAIL ...

WHAT A FOOL I WAS
NOT TO TRACK THEM
FROM THE CREEK!

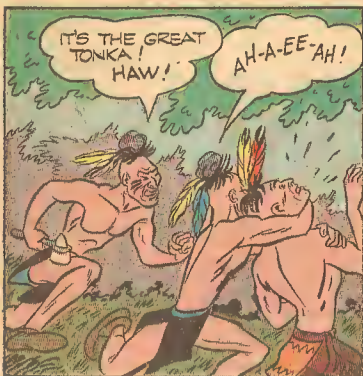


DON'T HAVE TIME TO
GO BACK TO THE
VILLAGE FOR HELP!
MUST DO THIS
ALONE!



IT'S THE GREAT
TONKA!
HAW!

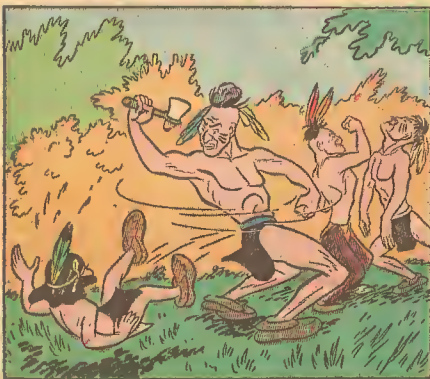
AH-A-EE-AH!



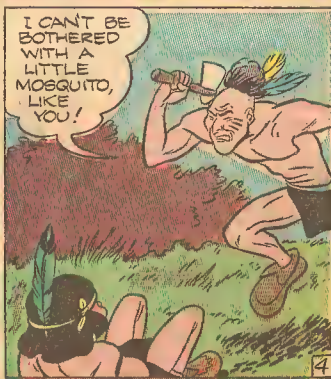
WIKOTAS! AN!
THEY JUMPED
TONKA!



BEAT 'IM,
TONKA!
I GOT THIS
ONE!

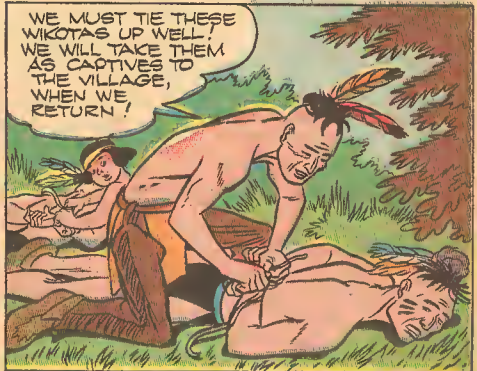
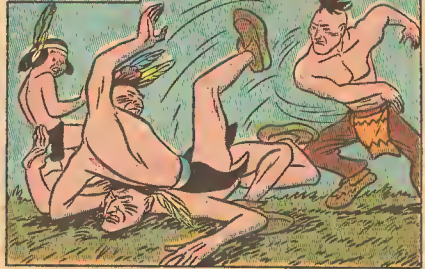


I CAN'T BE
BOTHERED
WITH A
LITTLE
MOSQUITO,
LIKE
YOU!

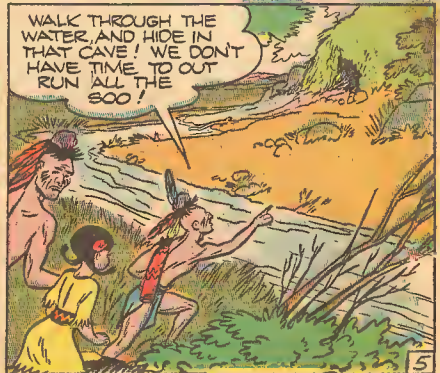


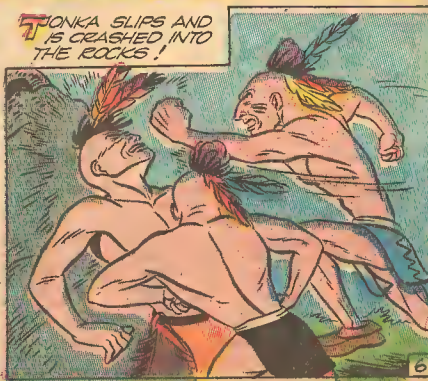
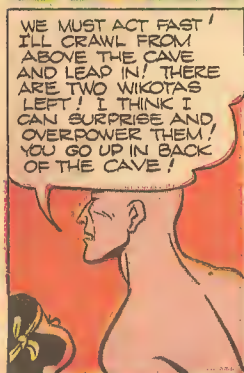
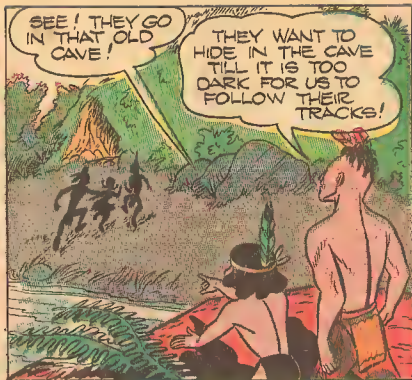
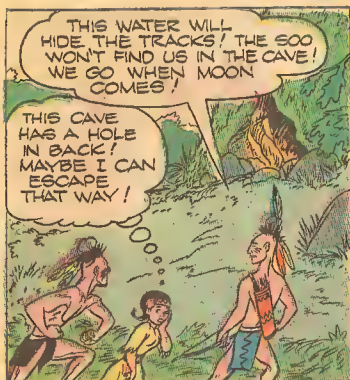


TONKA HURLS
HIS
ANTAGONIST
AT THE
OTHER
WIKOTA:



THE WIKOTAS HEARD
THE FIGHT AND FEAR FOR
THEIR OWN SAFETY!





HOLY SIGNAL SMOKES; THEY'VE GOT TONKA! WHAT CN I DO?

MINNIE AND I KNOW THIS CAVE! IT HAS A BIG HOLE IN BACK! MAYBE I CN PLAN SOMETHING TO SAVE THEM!

NO! NO SCALP TILL WE ARE READY TO GO! SOO MAY ATTACK SOON, NOW!

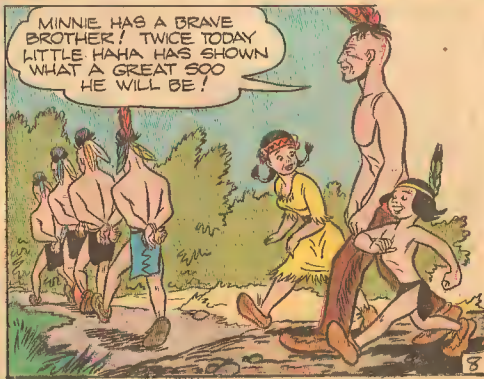
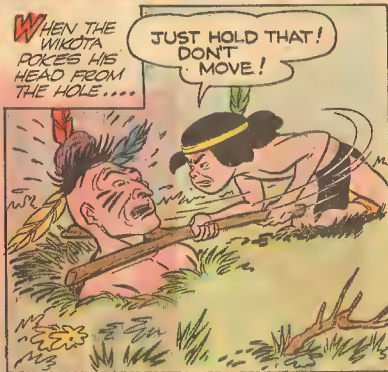
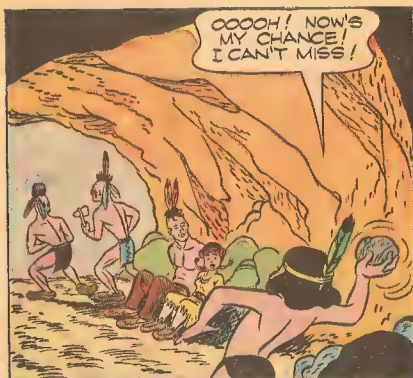
I ONCE CAUGHT A GOPHER WITH A FORKED STICK! IF I CAN CATCH A GOPHER, I CAN CATCH A WIKOTA!

FIRST... I GOTTA GET A GOOD STRONG FORK... LIKE THIS!

THESE STONES WILL MAKE THEM WATCH THE FRONT OPENING WHILE I CRAWL DOWN IN BACK!

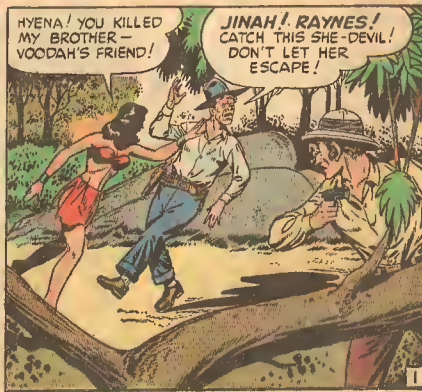
QUICK! WE WILL SOON BE ATTACKED!

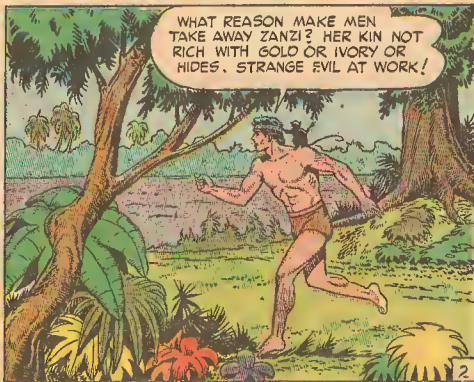
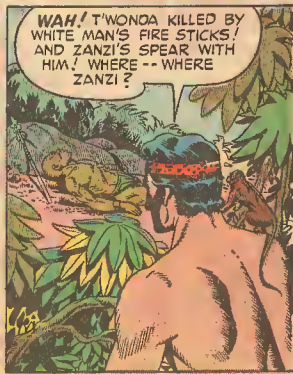
THIS IS RISKY... I DON'T KNOW IF MY PLAN WILL WORK, BUT I GOTTA TRY SOMETHING!



VOODAH

IN THE DENSE JUNGLE BEYOND THE LIMITS OF VOODAH'S TRIBAL VILLAGE, ZANZI AND HER BROTHER ARE AMBUSHED BY A BRUTAL TRIO. VANLY THEY TRY TO ESCAPE, BUT A RAPID FIRE DUET DOOMS ZANZI'S BROTHER AS SHE STRUGGLES IN THE IRON GRIP OF A FIERCE ARAB. WHAT TERRIBLE FATE LIES AHEAD FOR ZANZI? WILL VOODAH BE WARNED OF HER PERIL AND DISCOVER THE SECRET BEHIND THE TRIO'S TREACHEROUS SCHEME?

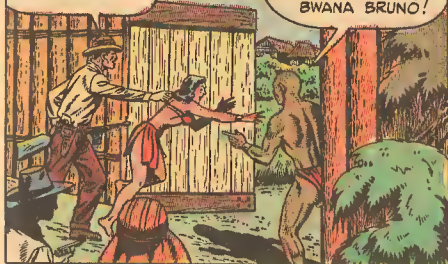




TWO DAYS MARCH BRING ZANZI AND HER CAPTORS
TO A HIDEOUSLY FESTOONED KRAAL GATE ---

ANY MORE TROUBLE
FROM YOU, AND WE'LL
FEED YOU TO OUR
CHAINED LION!

HO-HO! SHE
LOOKUM MUCH LIKE
STONE SUN GODDESS
TRIBE WORSHIP,
BWANA BRUNO!



WE NOT CATCH 'EM IN TIME,
CHEEKO. THEY TAKE ZANZI
THROUGH KRAAL GATE. WE
HAVE MUCH TROUBLE NOW!



GUARD NOT SEE US,
CHEEKO. WE DROP
INTO KRAAL NOW!



MANY SNAKES CRAWL IN
THIS VALLEY SO WE KEEP
ON PATHS AND NOT GO IN
HIGH GRASS WHERE THE
HISSING DEATH HIDES.



HIYI, NERO! CATCHUM
JACKAL WHO SNEAK
INTO OUR KRAAL!



RUN, CHEEKO! IF ROCK
NOT HIT KING BEAST'S
HEAD, HE KILL ME
AND YOU!

CHEE -
CHEE-CHEE!



BIG STONE
FLY STRAIGHT!





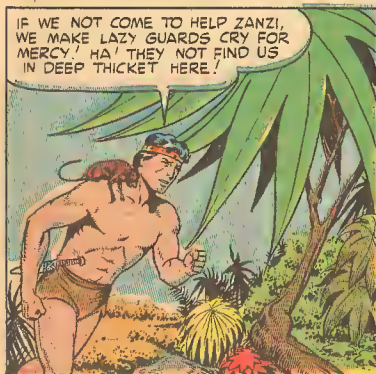
BIG STONE GIVE LION
SHORT SLEEP! KNIFE IN
NECK MAKE HIM
VULTURE MEAT!



MANY KRAAL GUARDS COME!
TOO MANY TO FIGHT, CHEEKO.
OUR FEET MUST FLY TOWARD
THE HIGH BRUSH!



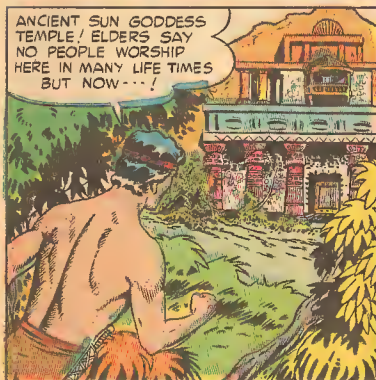
IF WE NOT COME TO HELP ZANZI,
WE MAKE LAZY GUARDS CRY FOR
MERCY! HA! THEY NOT FIND US
IN DEEP THICKET HERE!



EVIL HIDES WITHIN THIS KRAAL,
CHEEKO. SOON WE SEE WHY
THOSE WHO COME HERE NOT
LIVE TO TELL EVIL SECRET!



ANCIENT SUN GODDESS
TEMPLE! ELDERS SAY
NO PEOPLE WORSHIP
HERE IN MANY LIFE TIMES
BUT NOW...!



OUT OF THE MINE, YOU
BEGGARS! THE GODDESS
OF YOUR ANCESTORS HAS
COME BACK TO DWELL IN
HER TEMPLE!

ELAH!
ELAH! SUN
GODDESS!



AS VOODAH PEERS FROM THE THICKET, THE NATIVE MINERS REVERENTLY AWAIT THEIR ANCIENT GODDESS---



HEH-HEH! LUCKY WE FOUND THE SECRET DOOR TO THE CAVERN BELOW, AN' THE STAIRS LEADING UP TO THIS BALCONY.

YEAH, BRUNO. OUR SCHEME WOULD FAIL IF THE MINERS HAD KNOWN ABOUT THE INSIDES OF THIS TEMPLE!



BOW YOUR HEADS, MISERABLE ONES! YOUR ANCIENT GODDESS HAS RETURNED FROM THE SUN TO REWARD YOU FOR MINING THE SILVER BLOOD FROM HER HALLOWED SHRINE!



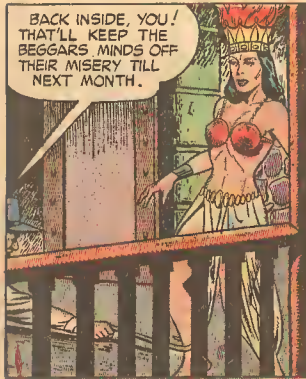
REMEMBER! NO HAND SIGNALS OR NO DOUBLE-TALK OR WE THROW YOU OFF THE BALCONY. GET OUT THERE AND SCATTER THAT JUNK!



ZANZI! HER CAPTORS MAKE HER LOOK LIKE GODDESS! I MUST FREE HER BEFORE THEY WORK MORE EVIL!



BACK INSIDE, YOU! THAT'LL KEEP THE BEGGARS MINDS OFF THEIR MISERY TILL NEXT MONTH.



IF THE MINERS FELL FOR OUR STUNT, WE CAN DISCHARGE THE HIRED GUARDS AND FOREMEN WITHOUT DANGER OF A MINERS' REBELLION!

THAT'S RIGHT, BRUNO. YOU UNLATCHED THE GORILLA'S CAGE TO KEEP ZANZI FROM BREAKING OUT AND ANYONE FROM BREAKING IN!

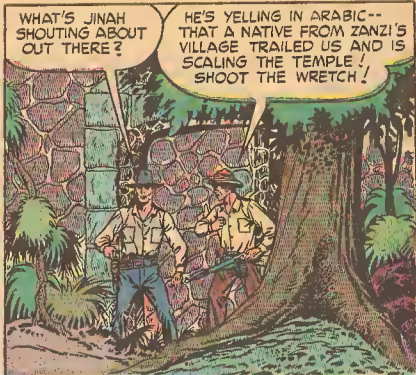


WE'VE GOT TO SCALE WALL
TO HIGH DOOR AND FIND
WAY TO LOUSE ZANZI!



WHAT'S JINAH
SHOUTING ABOUT
OUT THERE?

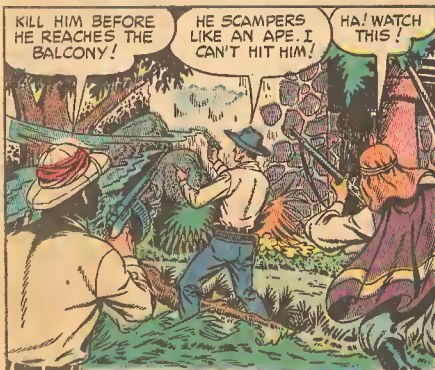
HE'S YELLING IN ARABIC--
THAT A NATIVE FROM ZANZI'S
VILLAGE TRAILED US AND IS
SCALING THE TEMPLE!
SHOOT THE WRETCH!



KILL HIM BEFORE
HE REACHES THE
BALCONY!

HE SCAMPERS
LIKE AN APE. I
CAN'T HIT HIM!

HA! WATCH
THIS!



DEATH BRUSH US,
CHEEKO. BUT WORSE
DANGER LIES AHEAD!

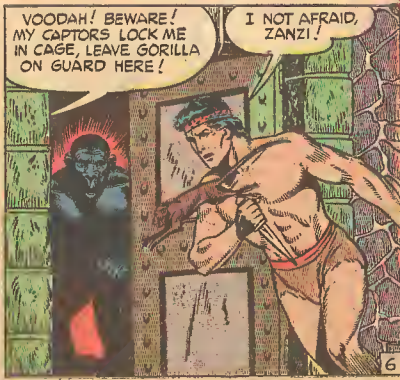


HO! MY KNIFE
MAKES BAR GO UP.
WE GO IN NOW!



VOODAH! BEWARE!
MY CAPTORS LOCK ME
IN CAGE, LEAVE GORILLA
ON GUARD HERE!

I NOT AFRAID,
ZANZI!







GOOD THING CAPTORS FORGET TO PUSH LOCK STICK ON THIS DOOR. I LOCK DOOR NOW.

HUSH, VOODAH! I HEAR MEN TALK BELOW!



BETTER YOU PAY MINERS FAIR WAGES THAN THEY FIND OUT GODDESS IS NATIVE GIRL AND KILL YOU!

YEAH? RAYNE AND I KNOW HOW TO RUN THINGS, JINAH!

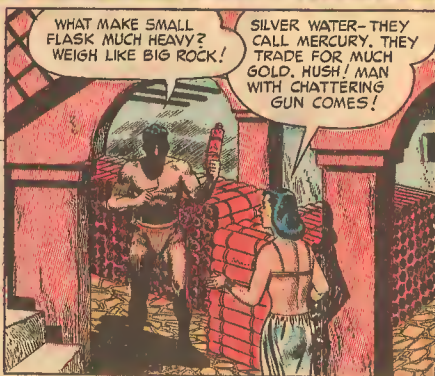


AND WE'LL TAKE NO RISK OF YOUR BLABBING TO THE COLONIAL POLICE!

AIYEE! INFIDEL! PIG! AH-URRGH!



HE HAD IT COMIN', RAYNE. NOW I'LL POUR A ROUND OF LEAO INTO THAT NATIVE WHO CAME FOR ZANZI!



WHAT MAKE SMALL FLASK MUCH HEAVY? WEIGH LIKE BIG ROCK!

SILVER WATER- THEY CALL MERCURY. THEY TRADE FOR MUCH GOLD. HUSH! MAN WITH CHATTERING GUN COMES!



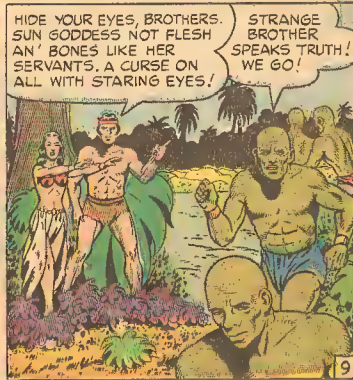
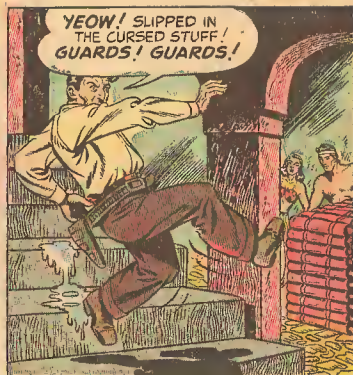
NOT A SOUND FROM THE GORILLA. THINK THAT NATIVE PRIED THE DOOR OPEN AND KNIFED HIM?

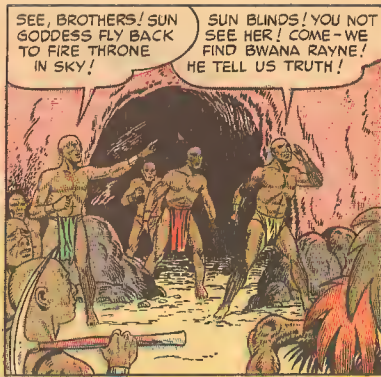
YEAH- AFRAID SO! LET'S GO UP QUIETLY, BRUNO.



NO, VOODAH! NOW THEY KILL US!

I NOT SNEAK OUT LIKE JACKAL AFTER THEY GO UP. I FIGHT NOW!





OKOYU'S TREASURE

by Paul Norton

Shouts of laughter and the tinny clangor of pebbles pelted at a wash basin awakened George Donner. He shoved himself half-erect in the hammock. The red-ball sun had passed its zenith and now burned down on the perspiring white man.

He cocked his head, listening. Then he bel-lowed: "Banyuta! You black son of Satan, come here!"

The racket stopped. A moment later a black monkey-face, topped by fuzzy wool-hair, peered around the corner of the shack. "You call, *Bwana?*"

"Come here!"

The native took a few fearful steps forward, and stopped, his eyes rolling, seeking escape.

"Here!" Donner barked, in a tone of voice, some men use to make a dog heel.

The native trembled, but advanced a few steps.

George Donner shot out a hand and grabbed Banyuta's skinny arm. Savagely, he twisted it behind the black's back. With his free hand he cuffed the wooly head from side to side.

Loud howls of anguish broke from the native's lips. "Aeee-O-oooo wah!" he howled.

Tiring from his strenuous efforts, Donner quit the cuffing, and started berating the black who immediately stopped his wailing.

"You monkey-faced imp," Donner snarled. "I ought to take your black hide off and toss it to the jackals!"

"*Bwana ... no hit Banyuta.*"

Several natives crowded around the corner of the weather-beaten shack and watched the white man's strange behavior. To the fore stood a black a little taller, a little sturdier built than the others. His sharp, black eyes followed every move of the red-faced, perspiring white man.

When Donner saw the stranger, he turned his attention from the luckless Banyuta. "Who's this fellow?" He pointed a finger to indicate the large native.

"Him Okoyu," Banyuta pointed to the south, indicating the direction from which the newcomer had come.

"So that's what all the rumpus was about," George Donner muttered to himself. He never tolerated noise from the natives when he was sleeping. He knew they all feared him and the power of the automatic pistol that he always carried at his hip. And he hated them as much as they feared him. He hated all this hellish, burning South African country. He hated the smoldering sun, the unproductive mine—he almost hated himself.

"What does Okoyu want here?" he growled, scowling at the native.

Okoyu stood like an ebony statue. In his hands was the tin wash basin that had been making all the racket. Donner's eyes caught a flash of light coming from inside the basin. He jerked full erect, pale eyes gleaming.

"What's he got there—?" he asked. But he knew. He knew that only one thing made that brilliant shaft of light in the sun. Several small pebbles lay in the bottom of the tin pan. Diamonds. Rough diamonds.

He lumbered to his feet, a heavy blonde man; walked over and picked one of the stones from the pan.

The new black followed suit, aping Donner's actions like a monkey. He squinted seriously at the pebble. Then Okoyu grinned. The white man was pleased. He tossed his stone back into the basin. It rattled around with a gratifying noise, throwing off sparkling light as it tumbled about in the bowl.

"So, that's what was entertaining them," Donner mused. "They all are crazy about bright things."

"Where did you get these?" he demanded.

Okoyu grinned foolishly, but pointed to the south and held up three fingers. Three days to the South ...

Immediately, George Donner's mind darted about, considering the possibilities. These fuzzy heads had no idea of the value of anything. If only he could get the black to lead him to the place where he'd picked up these shiny pebbles. He'd be rich! Rich! He could get out of this shell-hole of heat and cursed fever.

He went into the shack and began packing provisions for two men. Enough grub for seven

days—that would allow for one day on the diamond grounds. Of course he wouldn't get all he wanted the first trip. He would go back again, alone.

Early the next morning he set out with the willing Okoyu leading the way. The native was curious about everything the white man did. He seemed puzzled, and amused, when on the second day, out, Donner propped a small mirror on a rock by a stream and started shaving. The three-day growth of beard had begun to itch.

The black tried to peer into the mirror, too, and raised a great fuss when Donner drove him away with curses and blows. But Okoyu persisted. He wanted to look. So when he had finished shaving, just for the laugh, Donner held the mirror so Okoyu could see his own face.

The black looked astounded, then he shouted with laughter and tried to take the mirror in his own hands. Donner's patience and good-humor ran short. He cuffed the native away. And they took up the trail again.

True to his word, on the third day Okoyu pointed to a hard-pan outcropping a short distance below a bluish clay hill. In the crevices of the hard rock outcropping were dozens of rough diamonds, washed there from the clay hill by flood rains.

Donner wanted to shout with joy, and scoop the precious stones out immediately. But he held himself back. How smart was Okoyu?

That was the question. Did the black realize the value of his find—now Donner's find—? If he went too wild over the bright pebbles, the native might realize they were of great value to white men...

With these thoughts in mind, Donner chose only the finest and largest stones he could find and stowed them safely away in his knapsack, carefully concealing his excitement. By the end of the day he had gathered over a hundred. It was enough—for this trip. Their food and water would be running low. They had to start back.

As they journeyed along the return trail, Donner kept a sharp eye to the terrain.

He had to return without a guide. Okoyu wouldn't be coming back, he wouldn't be going anywhere... Okoyu would be dead. That was the only way to keep him from leading other white men to the diamond basin.

At the end of the first day's journey Donner began worrying over the diamonds in his pack.

He couldn't stay awake all night. What if Okoyu decided to rob him?

A cunning light crept into the white man's eyes. He couldn't afford to kill Okoyu—not yet. That would come later. When they were closer to home. But he could outwit that monkey-face—keep him from stealing the diamonds.

He set to work on the pack to rig a burglar alarm. He took the strap that buckled over the top of the sack and ran the leather through the trigger guard of his automatic. The slightest tug on the strap would set off the gun. Then he slid off the safety catch....

Satisfied that the gun-trap would go off if tampered with in the dark, he laid down to sleep.

He grinned to himself in the dark. That black imp would sure get a surprise if he tried to steal the diamonds now. The gun shot would awaken him before the thief could make his getaway.

With this happy thought bringing a peaceful frame of mind that led to dreams of himself as "Diamond King Donner" living in luxury the rest of life, the white man began to snore.

Okoyu pretended to be asleep, but one bright eye was half open, watching the *Bwana*. He didn't understand what all the fuss over the pack had been about. All he waited for was the deep regular snores to tell him that the man-with-the-treasure-in-a-bag was soundly asleep.

Silent as a shadow, Okoyu slipped from his sleeping place and edged toward the white man's pack. A great desire to possess its treasure burned in his breast. He reached out a hand and felt of the pack, rolling it gently around. Suddenly, it spouted flame and thunder. The bullet whipped a breeze between Okoyu's legs as the .45 barked spitefully.

George Donner jerked in his blankets, let out a surprised howl and grabbed his chest. A searing pain swept through his lungs. He'd been shot by his own gun-trap!

He struggled to rise, fell back. The strength oozed out of him. He was helpless to stop the thieving black!

Okoyu, panicky now, rummaged quickly through the opened pack, searching for the treasure. His hand closed. With a shout of joy he grasped it tightly and galloped across the clearing, headed for his home village. At every leap he made, the moonlight threw shafts of pale light from the coveted treasure—the little mirror in Okoyu's hand.

Buck FARREL

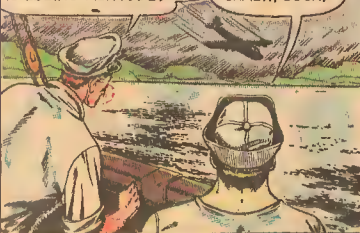
IT TAKES REAL TROUBLE TO TURN THE SUZY-Q FROM HER COURSE. BUT WHEN A PERILOUS SITUATION ARISES, BUCK FARREL KNOWS HOW TO NAVIGATE HIS STURDY SHIP. BUCK RECORDED IN THE SUZY-Q'S LOG BOOK THE STRANGE TALE WHICH FOLLOWS AS "A SCORPION A DAY KEEPS THE STOWAWAY AWAY."



AS THE SUZY-Q SAILS UP THE BRAZILIAN COAST WITH A CARGO OF CROCODILE HIDES CONSIGNED TO TAMPICO, MEXICO, ALL'S WELL UNTIL ...

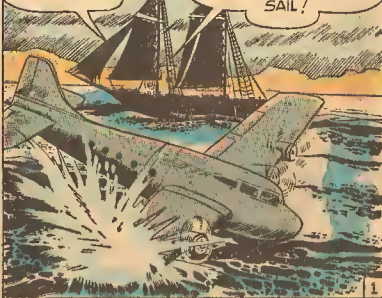
LOOK, CORNY! A TRANS-ATLANTIC PLANE THAT JUST TOOK OFF FROM NATAL IS LOSING ALTITUDE!

HER ENGINES ARE OUT! SHE'S GOING TO CRASH, BUCK!



THE PILOT PULLED HER NOSE UP JUST IN TIME, BUT SHE'LL SINK LIKE A ROCK!

START THE ENGINE, CORNY. WE CAN'T REACH THE SURVIVORS SOON ENOUGH UNDER SAIL!



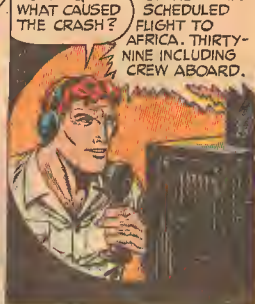
COUPLE O' CRASH BOATS FROM THE 'DROME REACHED THE OIL SLICK WHERE SHE SUNK, BUCK. GETTIN' DARK.

NO SURVIVORS. CRASH BOATS TURNING BACK.

LET'S RUN BY THE SPOT ANYWAY, BUCK. I'LL CUT OUT THE ENGINE.

THIS IS CAPTAIN FARREL OF THE SCHOONER SUZY-Q. WHAT CAUSED THE CRASH?

WE DON'T KNOW. SHIP WAS A DC-4 ON REGULAR SCHEDULED FLIGHT TO AFRICA. THIRTY-NINE INCLUDING CREW ABOARD.

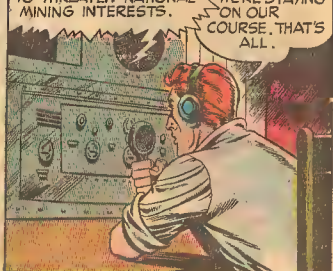


SECONDS AFTER THE TAKEOFF POLICE ARRIVED WITH A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF THE SHIP'S STEWARDESS FOR SMUGGLING DIAMONDS ACROSS FROM AFRICA.

I SEE. AND YOU HAD NO AUTHORITY TO MAKE THE SHIP TURN BACK.

THE POLICE HAVE EVIDENCE THAT THE STEWARDESS'S SALES TO DIAMOND BROKERS WERE GREAT ENOUGH TO THREATEN NATIONAL MINING INTERESTS.

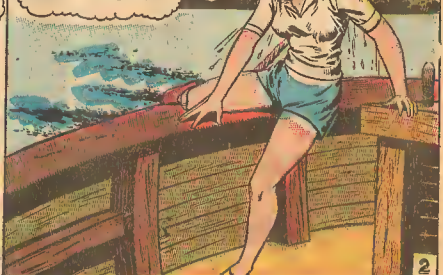
PROBABLY STOLE 'EM IN AFRICA. NO SURVIVORS OF THE CRASH, SO WE'RE STAYING ON OUR COURSE. THAT'S ALL.



THAT'S ABOUT ALL THEY COULD TELL ME, CORNY. AMERICAN OWNED PLANE. I'M GOING FORWARD AND TELL THE CREW.

WITH THE HELMSMAN ALONE ON DECK, I'LL INCH ALONG THE RAIL TILL I GET AMIDSHIPS.

EASIER THAN SWIMMING ASHORE! THIS TUB WILL HIT A PORT IN A DAY OR TWO, AN' I CAN SLIP OFF AND HEAD FOR BLACK MORTY'S CAMP.





YEOW-OH!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, CORNY? WHO LET OUT THAT YELL?

CAN'T SEE. SOME FELLOW UP BY THE FOR'ARD HATCH.



SCORPION BIT ME! MISSED MY SHIP IN RIO AND STOWED ABOARD IN YOUR CARGO.

I'LL FIX UP THAT BITE. FOLLOW ME BELOW.

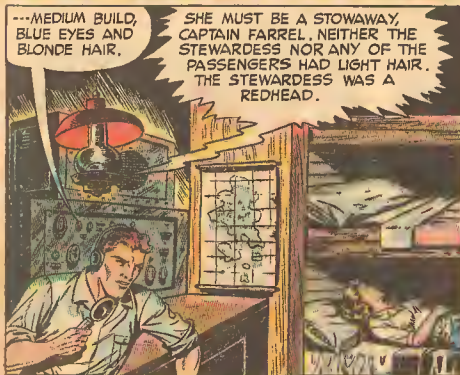
THAT PILL WILL DEADEN THE PAIN. DON'T TELL ME YOU WERE ENJOYING YOURSELF ON TOP OF THOSE CROCODILE HIDES BEFORE THE SCORPION NIPPED YOU!



I PUT HER TO SLEEP WITH A NEMBUTAL. NO PAPERS ON HER, AND SHE HASN'T BEEN OUT OF THE WATER LONG.

JIM'S AT THE WHEEL, BUCK. THIS GAL IS A SURVIVOR OF THE CRASH. MAYBE SHE'S THE WANTED STEWARDESS.

BETTER CONTACT THE AIRDROME AGAIN.



---MEDIUM BUILD, BLUE EYES AND BLONDE HAIR.

SHE MUST BE A STOWAWAY, CAPTAIN FARREL. NEITHER THE STEWARDESS NOR ANY OF THE PASSENGERS HAD LIGHT HAIR. THE STEWARDESS WAS A REDHEAD.



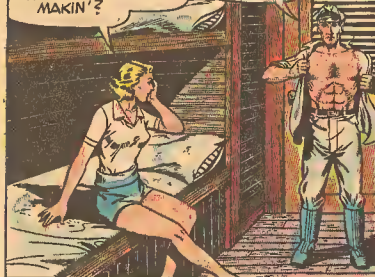
KEEP ONE EYE OPEN, CORNY, WHILE I TAKE MY TURN AT THE WHEEL 'TILL DAWN.

I WONDER IF THIS GAL WAS A STOWAWAY ON THE PLANE? SHE MIGHT HAVE CAUSED THE CRASH, HMM?

AT SUNRISE...

YOU ARE THE SKIPPER OF THIS TUB, HUH? MY NAME'S MARGIE MAYO. WHAT PORT ARE YOU MAKIN'?

TAMPICO, MEXICO. YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FOR YOUR PASSAGE, MISS MAYO.



TAMPICO. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON A SHORT COASTAL RUN. YOU'VE GOT TO DROP ME OFF NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN SIGHT OF LAND.

SORRY, MISS MAYO. WE DIDN'T ASK YOU ABOARD. NOW GO GIVE THE COOK A HAND IN THE GALLEY.



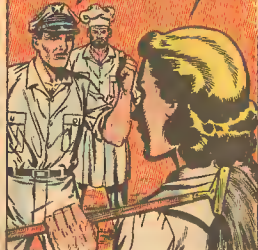
BEFORE THE NOONDAY MEAL...

WELL, I'LL BE A COCKEYED COCKATOO'S SECOND COUSIN! OUR DRINKIN' WATER'S GONE TWO DAYS OUT OF PORT! HAFTA GO BACK AND CHECK THE TANK!

THAT DIZZY DAME SLASHED THE TANK SO WE'D HAVE TO PUT ASHORE FOR FRESH WATER. WAIT 'TILL BUCK HEARS OF THIS.

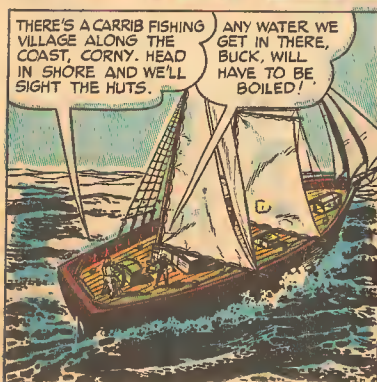
I SHOULD'VE PUT YOU IN IRONS, LADY, WHEN WE FOUND YOU ABOARD. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW EXCEPT BOOT YOU ASHORE.

THE PLEASURE WILL BE ALL MINE, FARREL.



THERE'S A CARRIB FISHING VILLAGE ALONG THE COAST, CORNY. HEAD IN SHORE AND WE'LL SIGHT THE HUTS.

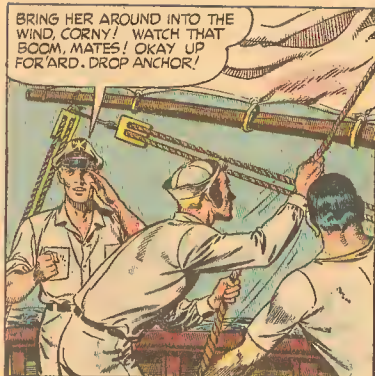
ANY WATER WE GET IN THERE, BUCK, WILL HAVE TO BE BOILED!



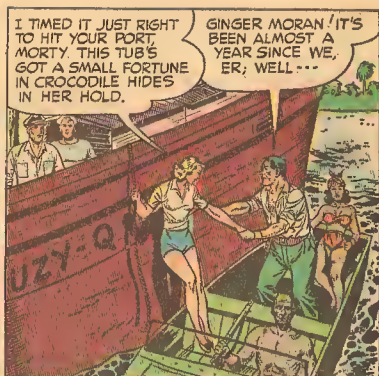
A TRADIN' SCHOONER SHE IS, DIOSA, AN' I AIM TO GIVE 'EM NOTHING BUT HOT BULLETS FER THEIR CARGO.

LOOK, MORTY! THEY PUT CASKS IN A SMALL BOAT. THEY COME FOR WATERS!





BRING HER AROUND INTO THE WIND, CORNY! WATCH THAT BOOM, MATES! OKAY UP FOR'ARD. DROP ANCHOR!



I TIMED IT JUST RIGHT TO HIT YOUR PORT, MORTY. THIS TUB'S GOT A SMALL FORTUNE IN CROCODILE HIDES IN HER HOLD.

GINGER MORAN! IT'S BEEN ALMOST A YEAR SINCE WE, ER; WELL---



OUR STOWAWAY KNOWS THAT TRADER. SOMETHING'S UP, CORNY.

YEAH, THE BIG FELLOW IS SIGNALING TO SHORE.



WEIGH ANCHOR, BUCK. THIS IS PIRACY!



NO, THEY'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO MOVES TOWARD THE CAPSTAN. KEEP THEIR ATTENTION, CORNY. I'M GOING OVERBOARD

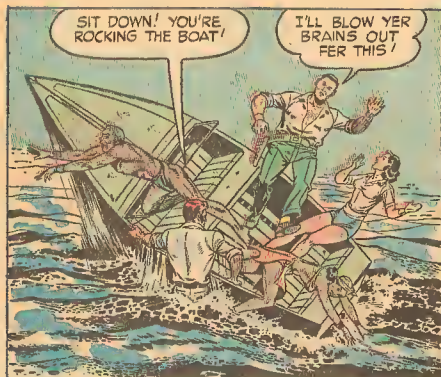


I'M A GONER IF THEY SEE THE BUBBLES.



HERE IT COMES, RATS!

MORTY! QUICK!



SIT DOWN! YOU'RE
ROCKING THE BOAT!

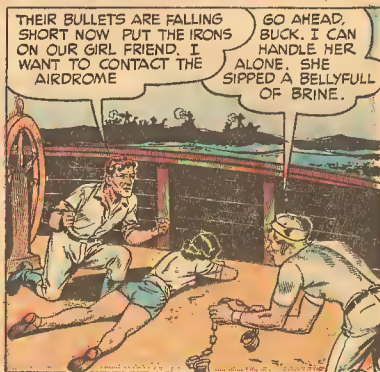
I'LL BLOW YER
BRAINS OUT
FER THIS!



STEP LIVELY, MEN! WEIGH
ANCHOR AND HOIST THE
SAILS BEFORE THE CARRIB
DUGOUTS SURROUND US!

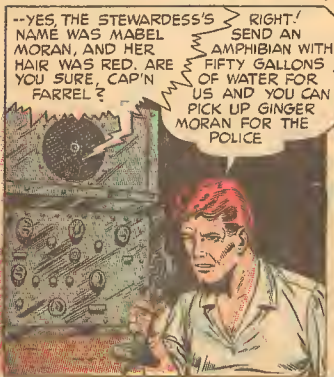


DROP YOUR PADDLES,
YOU IDIOTS, AND OPEN
FIRE ON THAT SCHOONER!



THEIR BULLETS ARE FALLING
SHORT NOW PUT THE IRONS
ON OUR GIRL FRIEND. I
WANT TO CONTACT THE
AIRDROME

GO AHEAD,
BUCK. I CAN
HANDLE HER
ALONE. SHE
SIPPED A BELLYFULL
OF BRINE.



--YES, THE STEWARDESS'S
NAME WAS MABEL
MORAN, AND HER
HAIR WAS RED. ARE
YOU SURE, CAP'N
FARREL?
SEND AN
AMPHIBIAN WITH
FIFTY GALLONS
OF WATER FOR
US AND YOU CAN
PICK UP GINGER
MORAN FOR THE
POLICE



THEY'RE COMING FOR
YOU, GINGER. YOUR
ACTIONS BEFORE AND
AFTER THE CRASH WILL
PROVE YOUR GUILT

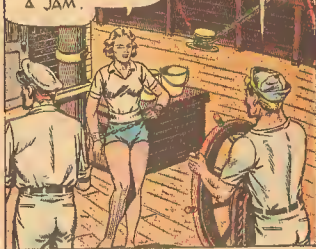
YEAH? THIRTY-EIGHT LIVES
SACRIFICED WAS A CHEAP
PRICE FOR ESCAPING A
FIVE OR TEN YEAR
STRETCH IN A BRAZILIAN
JAIL!

I JAMMED THE EMERGENCY FUEL SHUT-OFF WITH A WRENCH, SO THERE WAS NOTHING THE PILOT OR CO-PILOT COULD DO TO KEEP THE SHIP IN THE AIR.

AND I SUPPOSE YOU ESCAPED THROUGH THE ASTRAL HATCH WHEN THE PLANE STRUCK THE WATER. WHAT ABOUT YOUR HAIR?

I TINTED MY HAIR WITH A LIGHT DYE THAT SOAP AND WATER WOULD REMOVE* BEFORE I SIGNED WITH THE AIRLINE. SO I HAD A QUICK DISGUISE ANYTIME I WAS IN A JAM.

LIKE STEALING DIAMONDS IN AFRICA?



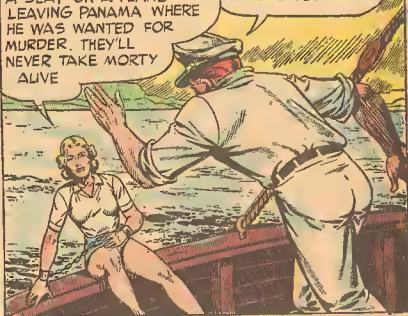
I HOPE THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT WILL SEND A PATROL TO CLEAN OUT THAT PIRATE'S NEST. WONDER HOW THIS GAL KNEW THEM?

HOW ABOUT THAT, GINGER?



MORTY ONCE GAVE ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A SEAT ON A PLANE LEAVING PANAMA WHERE HE WAS WANTED FOR MURDER. THEY'LL NEVER TAKE MORTY ALIVE

DON'T TRY IT! WE'D FISH YOU OUT BEFORE YOU SANK



I HEAR A PLANE. WONDER IF IT'S THE AMPHIBIAN?

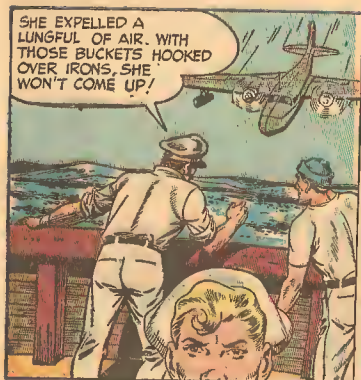
YEP! I RECOGNIZE THE SILHOUETTE.



IF THEY ASK FOR ME, TELL 'EM I'VE GONE DOWN TO SEE MY OLD FRIEND DAYV JONES!

SHE GRABBED THE BUCKETS! BRING THE SHIP AROUND, CORNY!





SHE EXPELLED A LUNGFUL OF AIR. WITH THOSE BUCKETS HOOKED OVER IRONS, SHE WON'T COME UP!

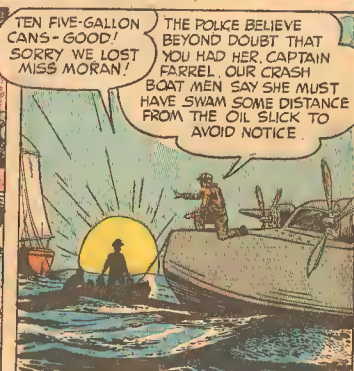


TAKE DOWN THE MAINS'LE AND REEF IN THE JIB, MEN!

HOW ARE WE GONNA PROVE WE EVER CAUGHT GINGER MORAN? SHE MADE US LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF BOOBIES!



ALL THEY'VE GOT TO DO IS SEE IF THIS PATCH OF CLOTH MATCHES UP WITH THE FABRIC USED FOR THE STEWARDESS UNIFORM BLOUSES. YOU TORE IT WHEN YOU HAULED HER ABOARD.



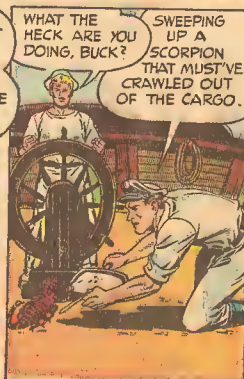
TEN FIVE-GALLON CANS - GOOD! SORRY WE LOST MISS MORAN!

THE POLICE BELIEVE BEYOND DOUBT THAT YOU HAD HER, CAPTAIN FARREL. OUR CRASH BOAT MEN SAY SHE MUST HAVE SWAM SOME DISTANCE FROM THE OIL SLICK TO AVOID NOTICE.



THEY GOT THE SHORT END OF THAT DEAL, COOK. A PATCH BLOUSE CLOTH FOR FIFTY GALLONS OF DRINKING WATER.

YEAH - BUT YOU ALMOST LOST YOUR LIFE AND YOUR SHIP. YOU GOT THE SHORT END, BUCK.



WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING, BUCK?

SWEEPING UP A SCORPION THAT MUST'VE CRAWLED OUT OF THE CARGO.



WHY DIDN'T YOU STEP ON IT? WHY THE SPECIAL TREATMENT?

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. I THINK HE WAS THE CRITTER THAT NIBBLED THE LATE GINGER MORAN!

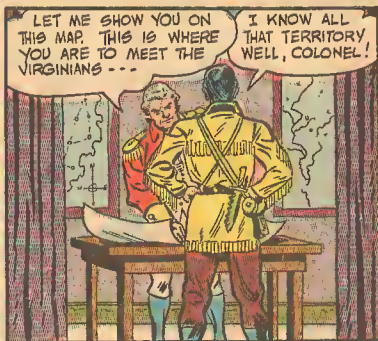
BART STEWART



FRANK BOULE

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH HAD BEEN RIVALS IN NORTH AMERICA FOR AGES -- FINALLY THE TWO GREAT COUNTRIES CLASH AND THEN A FIERCE WAR HAD BURST TO DETERMINE POSSESSION OF THE CONTINENT --

BART STEWART HAS BEEN APPOINTED SCOUT FOR THE BRITISH AND IS AGAIN CALLED UPON TO GO ON ANOTHER MISSION --





THE FORT YOU WILL HELP BUILD SHALL BE CALLED FORT NECESSITY! AND BART, YOU MUST START IMMEDIATELY IF YOU ARE TO MEET WASHINGTON!

I'M READY TO LEAVE, COLONEL! BUT I HAVE NO SUPPLIES--OR--



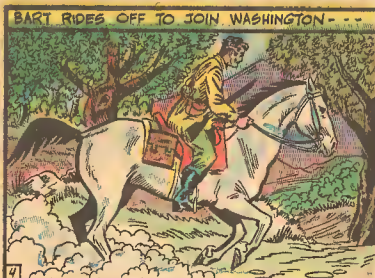
THAT HAS ALL BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, BART! YOUR HORSE AND SUPPLIES ARE WAITING--

GOOD, THEN THERE'S NOTHING TO DELAY ME--

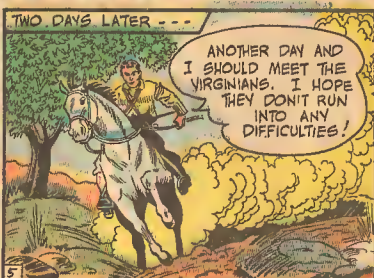


GOODBYE, COLONEL. YOU CAN FORWARD MY MAIL TO FORT NECESSITY.

AND WHEN I DO IT WILL BE ADDRESSED TO- CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW STEWART- YES, BART, YOU'VE BEEN RECOMMENDED FOR A COMMISSION! LUCK BE WITH YOU MY BOY!

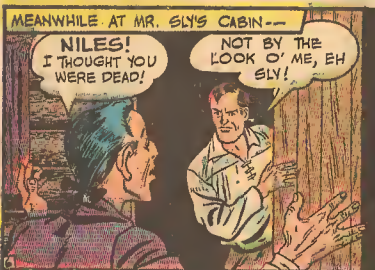


BART RIDES OFF TO JOIN WASHINGTON--



TWO DAYS LATER--

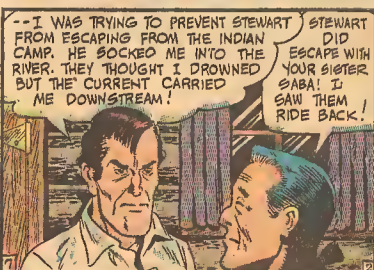
ANOTHER DAY AND I SHOULD MEET THE VIRGINIANS. I HOPE THEY DON'T RUN INTO ANY DIFFICULTIES!



MEANWHILE AT MR. SLY'S CABIN--

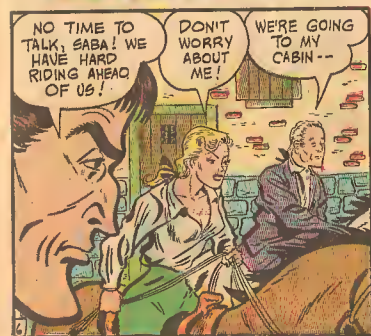
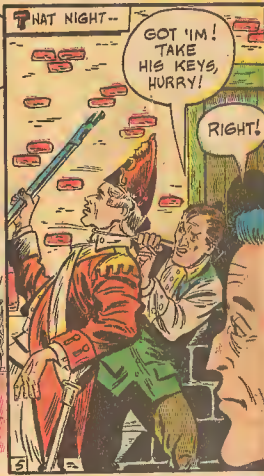
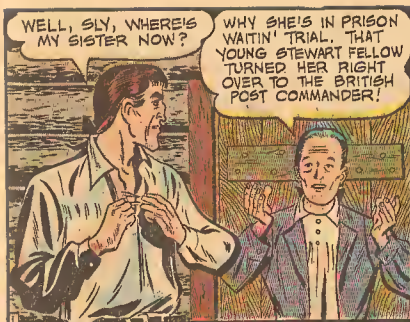
NILES! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

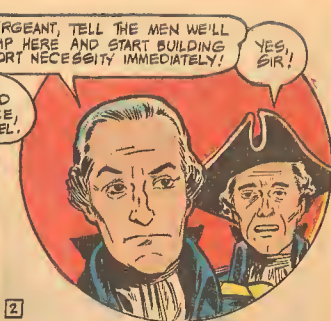
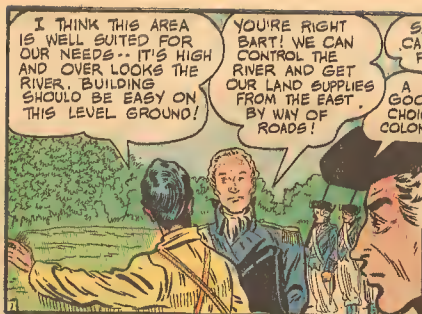
NOT BY THE LOOK O' ME, EH SLY!

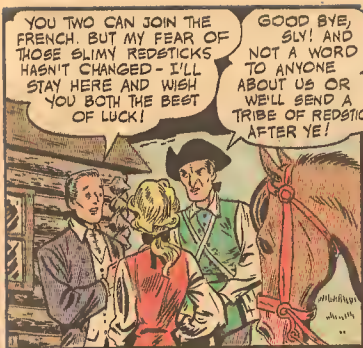


--I WAS TRYING TO PREVENT STEWART FROM ESCAPING FROM THE INDIAN CAMP. HE SOCKED ME INTO THE RIVER. THEY THOUGHT I DROWNED BUT THE CURRENT CARRIED ME DOWNSTREAM!

STEWART DID ESCAPE WITH YOUR SISTER SABA! I SAW THEM RIDE BACK!







YOU TWO CAN JOIN THE FRENCH. BUT MY FEAR OF THOSE SLIMY REDSTICKS HASN'T CHANGED - I'LL STAY HERE AND WISH YOU BOTH THE BEST OF LUCK!

GOOD BYE, SLY! AND NOT A WORD TO ANYONE ABOUT US OR WE'LL SEND A TRIBE OF REDSTICKS AFTER YE!



I DON'T LIKE IT, LIEUTENANT! I DON'T LIKE IT A BIT! IT'S TOO QUIET-- BE READY FOR AN ATTACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. LOOK! REDSKINS ARE APPEARING FROM EVERYWHERE! SERGEANT, GET YOUR MEN READY!

THE MILITIAMEN ARE CALLED TO THEIR POSTS--



THE SIEGE FOR THE FORT IS ON--



SORRY REDSKIN, BUT YOU WEREN'T INVITED--



THEY'RE RETREATING! WE'VE BEATEN THEM OFF!

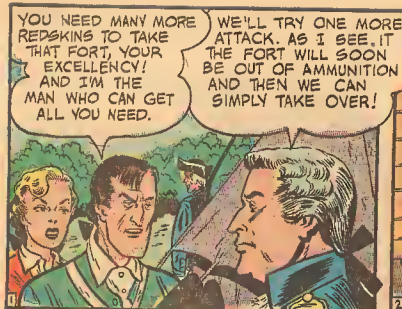
GOOD FIGHTING, MEN!

MEANTIME, NILES AND SABA JOIN THE FRENCH--



I'M HERE TO SERVE YOU AGAIN, GENERAL!

AND YOU CAME AT THE RIGHT TIME TOO! MY MEN HAVE BEEN DRIVEN BACK BY THE BRITISH IN THE FORT!



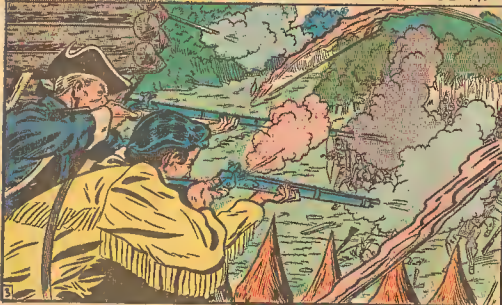
AGAIN THE FORT IS UNDER SIEGE - - -

OUR AMMUNITION IS RUNNING LOW, SIR!

THAT HAS BEEN MY GREATEST FEAR! TELL THE MEN TO MAKE EACH SHOT COUNT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE INDIANS ATTACK FORT NECESSITY.



BART STEWART IS TRAPPED IN THAT FORT-- I TOOK A LIKING TOWARDS HIM FOR SAVING MY LIFE-- BUT HE TURNED ME OVER TO THE BRITISH FOR PUNISHMENT! I'LL MAKE HIM PAY FOR IT!



WE MAY HAVE TO SURRENDER IF THE WAGON LOAD OF AMMUNITION WHICH WAS TO ARRIVE TOMORROW IS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH AND INDIANS TO BE USED AGAINST US! I HATE TO THINK...

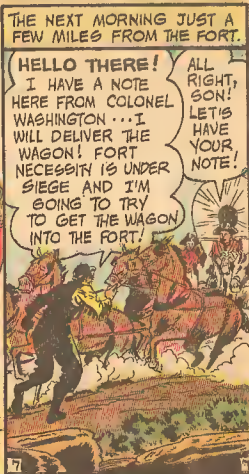
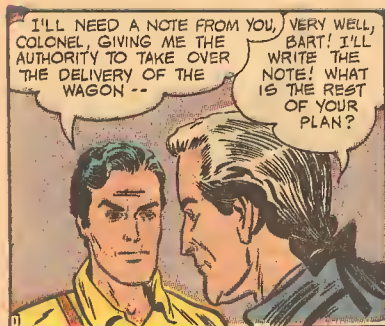
COLONEL WASHINGTON, MAY I OFFER A WILD PLAN THAT MAY GET THAT AMMUNITION INTO THE FORT IF IT IS TIMED PERFECTLY!

CERTAINLY, BART! I'M WILLING TO LISTEN TO ANY PLAN!



WELL, SIR, AS SOON AS IT IS DARK I'LL SLIP OUT OF THE FORT AND GET THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES-- THEN TOMORROW I WILL MEET THE AMMUNITION WAGON BEFORE IT'S CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH---





THIS NOTE SEEMS IN ORDER, TAKE THE WAGON, BOY! AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU - - -

I CAN HEAR THE GUNS-- I DON'T SEE HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT!

THANK YOU! LET THE COMMANDER KNOW WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS!

I CAN HEAR THE GUNS-- I DON'T SEE HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT!

BART AND HIS WAGON RIDE FULL SPEED THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES - - -

I HE MUST
RT HAVE GOTTEN
OUT DURING
THE NIGHT --
I DON'T KNOW
HAT MAD PLAN
HAS BUT IT
OKS HOPELESS.

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? BART STEWART CROSSING THAT FIELD WITH AN AMMUNITION WAGON! HE CAN'T GET IT INTO THE FORT. THE INDIANS WILL GET HIM BEFORE WE DO!

HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT DURING THE NIGHT -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAD PLAN HE HAS BUT IT LOOKS HOPELESS.

WHILE IN THE FORT - -

THE WAGON IS COMING!
BART GOT THROUGH - - -
LIEUTENANT STAND BY! IN
ABOUT ONE MINUTE I
WANT THE GATES
OPENED.

BUT
COLONEL -
AS SOON AS
WE OPEN THE
GATES, A
HUNDRED
SAVAGES
WILL RUSH IN!

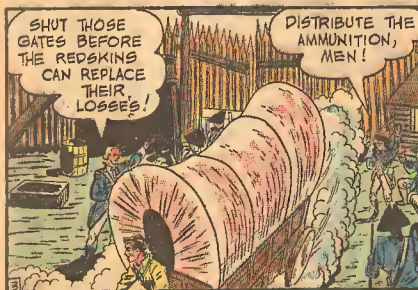
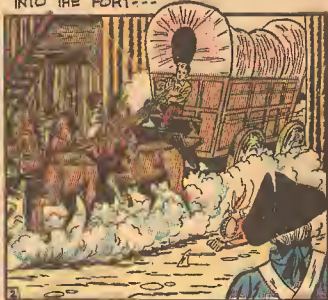
BUT COLONEL -
AS SOON AS
WE OPEN THE
GATES, A
HUNDRED
SAVAGES
WILL RUSH IN!

OPEN
THE GATES!



WHEN THE REDSKINS FILLED THE GATEWAY WASHINGTON ORDERS THE CANNONS TO OPEN FIRE -- AND THE INDIANS ARE STOPPED DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS --

SECONDS LATER, BART DRIVES HIS WAGON INTO THE FORT---



SHUT THOSE GATES BEFORE THE REDSKINS CAN REPLACE THEIR LOSSES!

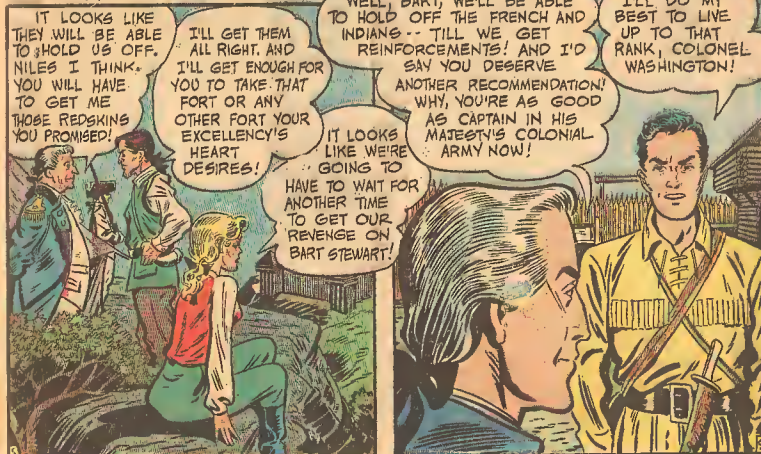
DISTRIBUTE THE AMMUNITION, MEN!



BART--YOU MADE IT--WE'RE GRATEFUL!

I DID MY BEST AND YOUR TIMING WAS PERFECT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE FRENCH CAMP...



IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WILL BE ABLE TO HOLD US OFF. NILES I THINK, YOU WILL HAVE TO GET ME THOSE REDSKINS YOU PROMISED!

I'LL GET THEM ALL RIGHT, AND I'LL GET ENOUGH FOR YOU TO TAKE THAT FORT OR ANY OTHER FORT YOUR EXCELLENCY'S HEART DESIRES!

WELL, BART, WE'LL BE ABLE TO HOLD OFF THE FRENCH AND INDIANS -- TILL WE GET REINFORCEMENTS! AND I'D SAY YOU DESERVE

ANOTHER RECOMMENDATION! WHY, YOU'RE AS GOOD AS CAPTAIN IN HIS MAJESTY'S COLONIAL ARMY NOW!

I'LL DO MY BEST TO LIVE UP TO THAT RANK, COLONEL WASHINGTON!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT FOR ANOTHER TIME TO GET OUR REVENGE ON BART STEWART!

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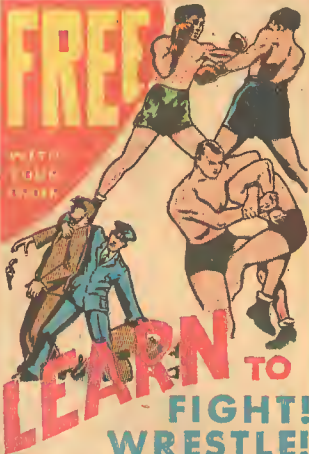
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- ☐ Send C.D.D., I will pay postman \$8.49 plus postage.
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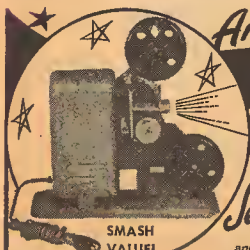
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